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EDITORIALS

Farm School Is Different

DURING the first days of our stay here as Freshman, it is worthwhile to notice some of the fundamental differences between Farm School and other schools. First we may say, that this school offers an entirely different atmosphere from that of the city. It is well known that Jewish men have not had as much contact with the soil as men of other nationalities. The reason for this is also clear. This circumstance, however, brings a harder task of adjustment to the majority of Freshman here.

There is also a different atmosphere than could be found in the previous schools from which we come. We are called upon to do more practical, manual work. There can be no coddling along as in the grades. Each one is asked to give, and is expected to give, his best.

Then there is the fact that this is a boarding school: a school in which there is much more intimate contact with, and dependence upon, individual students and instructors. Also, the practical side of a subject is given the same time, if not more, than the theoretical. The courses are arranged in a different manner than previously encountered. All these conditions again call for a certain amount of shifting for oneself; a sort of challenge to initiative. Many chances for observation and trial are open to the watchful and interested.

Finally, N. F. S. has many different advantages. It takes away the economic worry attached to schooling. Because of the comparatively small student body, there is much more chance for participation in social and athletic activities for all. Also, there is the variety of choice for a project, the responsibility of being a senior in it, and, best of all, the achievement of a basic, satisfying occupation.

CARL COHEN, '31.

To the New Class

SUCCESSFUL men often boast that the only schooling they ever had, was at the "college of experience." They are right to be proud of what they have achieved by chance knowledge such as they could pick up by their own unaided efforts. But often their experience was dearly bought and too nearly disheartening. Men such as these have felt the need of more than a figure-of-speech Alma Mater: schools of experience housed in substantial buildings on real earth.

Farm School is such a school of experience. Here are gathered together all the essential experiences and accompanying knowledge necessary to make a good farmer, without the disappointments, frustrations, delays, and inconveniences that hinder unhelped ambition. There is no material worry, no sapping struggle, nothing unessential standing in the way of growth. As a

matter of course, hard knocks and minor problems present themselves aplenty; they are in fact necessary to make the education complete. But the instrument is case-hardened in kindly molds, not by the rough knockings-about of life.

Farm School is a complete society in miniature. Whoever learns its lessons in self-government and the community life is well prepared to take a sane and useful place in the world. Not everybody is wise enough, however, to read into his experiences the essentials of self-education. There is, for instance, the fellow who arrives with preconceived notions as to what the school owes him. If he will only take thought with himself and remember that he is not the only brick in the building, he will soon realize that the indebtedness is on the other side; that he in fact takes more than he gives and is built upon sometimes better than he knows how. It is only necessary not to be too hasty, too self-conceited, or too timid to see things courageously.

M. G.

SPRING: A wonderful season. The beginning of everything for the farmer. Fields are plowed and seeds are sown. In a few months as a result of the seeding, many cereals, vegetables, and fruit will be produced. Spring: Another season for THE GLEANER. Many years ago the plowing of THE GLEANER "soil" had been accomplished. Plowing is not further necessary. The soil will always be in a fine tilth. But new seed must be added to THE GLEANER plot every year: for it is an annual.

For many years at Farm School, seeds have been sown and their fruits harvested. Also in THE GLEANER, for many years, "new seeds" have been planted in its management.

A Senior class has just left the National Farm School and a new class of Freshmen is here to eventually follow in their footsteps. Much depends on the Freshman class for the acquirement of "new seeds" for the future harvest of THE GLEANER.

Is there a "literary seed," "An agricultural seed," an "athletic seed," a "business manager seed," an "editor seed," a "campus news seed," an "alumni seed," in the Class of '33?

S. APPLEBAUM.

UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT UNDERTAKING of the Alumni since the construction of the athletic field, is the acquisition of the Bacorn property, consisting of a large frame house and twenty-six acres of land in tilth, orchard and lawn. For some time the alumni have been looking for a site on which to erect an Alumni house, at which they could stay on their annual visit to the school. In the Bacorn property they have secured in addition to some valuable new land, a house suitable to their purpose. It requires only slight renovation and furnishing. The results of the campaign to raise money for the purchase have been very gratifying to date. The older and the most recent graduates are contributing with an open-handedness which is most gratifying.

S. G.

LITERARY

Nemesis

SOMETIMES one has the luck to hear a good story warm from the speaking tongue, unspoiled by art or lack of art, a colloquial story, without weather in it, or scenery, or character, or psychology, or any stage properties whatever. In such a story, conscious artistry is forgotten, and the narrator achieves a naturalism more real than the most realistic fiction.

I was in the Stoughton station early one morning last winter, waiting for the train to take me home. On the station bulletin-board was chalked the news that my train, the Boston Special, was half an hour late on account of deep snow drifts. Five boys standing across from me also seemed to be affected by this irregularity of schedule. They were high school boys, as I judged from their carelessly thrown about book-briefs and their horseplay manners. My scowling presence was not the least restraint upon them. The station master, who knew them too familiarly, I suppose had a better defense against them than frowning disfavor. He yelled "Shut up or get out!" at them; and when they had subsided just a little, "Well!" They quieted. Then they started a bull-session right under my nose, which was waxing hilariously when an ominous sound from the ticket-window censored further word-play of that nature. They were silent again one second, recovering breath, when the biggest lunged fellow there, who had taken the lead in all this tomfoolery, said in a confidence-imparting tone:

"Did I ever tell you why Harry Bur-

dock had to leave school so suddenly last year? What, you didn't know he was forced to leave? Oh, yes. You fellows have the idea this place wasn't good enough for him, and even we weren't quite up to his work. I should say not. But not the way you think. This is how it was.

Burdock was one of those guys that will go any lengths, do any freak thing, to be talked about and made a lot of; you remember how when his folks moved here and he first came to school, he let on he was good at baseball? Good for three things he turned out. Yet when practice showed him up he didn't even turn color or hide up his sleeve; just kept off the field, and went right on bragging. Shameless, that fellow.

He kept right on playing himself up as a great athlete, a great fellow and a great man with the girls. That's the kind of fellow gets your goat; you know what a rat he is, but the girls go for him because he has a sneaking kind of good looks; but the girls, they don't see what's really in a guy; they take his word for it, if he has the gift of gab. What do you want from mere girls, anyhow?

So he went on getting under our skin and only the girls, and some other senseless hot shots would have anything to do with him. We would have given anything for a chance to show that ham-actor up, but the chance never came....Never came, but once, and you fellows never knew. Passed it by just as innocent like ...And anyway he left school before the year was up, heh? That's all you know about it!

All right, if you guys will stop hollering and give a guy a chance, maybe I'll tell you about it. I'm not playing myself up by this but I'm telling you just what happened. So shut up awhile and give a fellow a chance.

It all came about through Burdock getting literary ambitious and trying to write stuff for the *Blue and Gold*. I guess the girls put him up to it. You know how girls are. "Oh, I think that's just splendid!" and all that sort of gush. He couldn't do anything else anyway. He had to do something to live up to his reputation.

Well, he wrote that piece that made such a big hit in the *Blue and Gold* last year and even the teachers fell for him and thought he was great stuff. And the girls! Why, they lionized him. None of us guys would stand a chance with that bozo around. But he wasn't as slick as he thought he was. That story was Adam's apple to him.

Because I just happened to know that not Harry Burdock wrote that story, but a writer named Mark Twain, in a book. I happened to know, because I had to read it for a book report.

Well, at first I just thought, "Well,

that sneaking skunk; I always did think he was underhanded, and now I know it." Then I thought, knowledge is power, and I'll do you guys a little favor, because just then I had a little idea.

I looked up the name of Mark Twain's book, and sent Burdock a post card, typewritten, so he couldn't know who sent it, with just this question printed on it, and no name:

"Did you ever read 'The 20,000 Dollar Bequest and Other Stories', by Mark Twain?"

Just that. And next day in class I flattered myself that there was just the least little glint of worry in his eye, though nobody else saw it. That was a starter.

Next day I got up extra early and got to school ahead of anyone else for once in a life time so that Miss Bidley, when she came in, said sarcastically, "A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar. What makes you come so soon?"

I just grinned, waiting for Burdock to show up. He came in with a cakey smile on, sat down, tickled the girl who sat in front of him with a horsehair from his coat lapel, lifted the lid of his desk—

(Continued on page 31)

MARCH WINDS

*Rushing winds that never cease to toil
They rush and they roar.
What now had roused their ire
And sends them forth for spoil?*

*Their paths lie far beyond the eye.
Often we hear them shriek and sigh.
They crash, lift and spread dismay.
But still they continue on their way.*

*But, Ah! How suddenly they calm
Soon again the earth is peaceful and solemn
'Tis strange that even they, rest need
As if to think they too had satisfied their
greed.*

T. J. R., '32.

A Tribute to the Memory of William H. Taft

BY PRESIDENT ALLMAN

Delivered March 11, 1930

LET us bow our heads in reverence to the memory of William Howard Taft, one of America's great sons, whose passing the entire nation mourns today.

Ex-President Taft has now been laid at rest at the National Cemetery at Arlington, with all the honors a grateful nation, represented by President Hoover, can offer to one who has deserved so much.

Taft was a magnanimous man, who dedicated his life to noble purposes and ideals—a man who had outstanding ability, plus the courage of his convictions.

His service to our country was of rare distinction, marked by purity, patriotism, lofty disinterestedness and a devotion to the best interests of the nation. Therefore, he justly earned and shall ever command the grateful respect and memory of his countrymen.

His was a wide and unique career of official duty—first as a Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati; then as Solicitor-General of the Nation; first and most successful Civil Governor of the Philippines; Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Roosevelt; 27th President of the United States; Professor of Yale College; and finally Chief Justice of the Nation.

Few men in the history of America had similar opportunities for such outstanding service in diplomacy, law and politics. Certainly no man in any age of our long history labored more earnestly or less selfishly than he to overcome the grave responsibilities entrusted to him during his many years of active service to the country he loved so well.

His was a distinguished and unprecedented honor to occupy the two greatest

offices under our Constitution—President and Chief Justice—of the richest and most powerful nation on earth. Thus he achieved the guiding ambitions of his life. No other man in our history has ever held both these important offices.

Mr. Taft never qualified as a professional politician. When President he refused to employ their usual petty tricks. He was so clean himself, it was impossible for him to see anything unclean in others. His big-hearted indulgence caused him to suffer himself, rather than use the power of his great office against those whom he knew to be false to himself and his cause. He was a poor politician—the main cause of his defeat for re-election for a second term. He is quoted as saying—"To be a successful politician it seems one must be a hypocrite. I do not understand how so many of our practical politicians can come to my office, tell me just now they feel at heart, and afterwards in Congress prate about something entirely to the contrary. That sort of thing is not for me, I detest hypocrisy, cant and subterfuge. If I have to refrain from doing justice to my country and fellow man, I had rather not be President."

His private life was characterized by a simplicity of virtue, that won admiration and affection from all who were fortunate to come in personal contact with this genial and lovable man. He was plain and democratic; just "Bill" to all his friends. His good nature and heavy weight were the characteristics by which the nation at large knew him. One of the best stories regarding his weight, at one time over 300 lbs. dates back to the days he served as Governor-General in the Philippines. He cabled to his friend

Elihu Root "Took long horseback ride today, feeling fine." Root cabled back, "How is the horse." When Secretary of War, a friend asked "How much do you weigh, Mr. Secretary?"—to which he laughingly replied, "They say no gentleman should weigh more than 200 lbs, but I have amended that to 300 lbs." On another occasion when passing a ladder from which a painter had dropped his brush, the painter yelled "Hey you, hand me that brush will you?" The Chief Justice picked up the brush, handed it to the painter and went along his way.

Your school was most highly honored by the presence of this distinguished man, soon after his retirement from the Presidency, and I shall always remember with pleasure and profit the inspiring address he made to our students as Honorable Guest Speaker of the day. His message lasting over half an hour was rich in sound advice, interspersed with many humorous antidotes. His talk to our boys will always remain in my memory as the best ever delivered at The National Farm School.

THE ANNUAL CONSECRATION EXERCISES

June 4, 1916

"I am especially interested in this enterprise. If we were to study the general history of philanthropy we would find, I think, that except for the good that most of it does the donor, the money might just as well be thrown down the sewer. But when we have an institution like this, to contribute to, we should all put our shoulders to the wheel and help. I offer my sincere congratulations to the founder, who has witnessed this great work grow under his hand. He has earned the gratitude of every American, be he Jew or Gentile.

"This school ought to be of great interest to the Jews . . . Great numbers of Jews have been forced to come here. They settled in congested parts of great cities and thus created the problem this school is helping to solve.

"The only thing The National Farm School brings in the way of regret, is the fact that it is the only one of its kind in the country. We must agree that

the farmer, and laborer and capitalist all are entitled to just treatment at the hands of our Government. I speak also for the doctors, and lawyers and the ministers speak for themselves every Sunday and Saturday.

"Country Life—life on the farm, that is, is having more and more attractions and comforts added to it each year. We have the telephone, the mail-order house (and just here I do not wish to introduce an issue), the suburban electric railway, and the rural mail delivery. Farming is now a profession."

President Taft had many jovial mannerisms, for which he was noted at home and abroad. Always preceding the telling of a humorous story, or relating a pointed witticism, he would stop,—his whole countenance lighting up, and after an infectious chuckle, heard by the entire audience, which parenthetically won for him a lasting place in the hearts of the nation,—he would plunge into his story, never failing to start his hearers laughing long before the point of the story had been reached. Yet no matter how funny the story, a practical sensible moral was always back of it.

He loved boys, was enthusiastic and interested in their education and moral uplift, remarking to us—"That the boys of today were the citizens of tomorrow—responsible for the future greatness of our nation."

With Dr. Krauskopf and other Trustees, I well remember breakfasting with him at the Bellevue-Stratford, then motoring him to the school for the day's exercises. He spent several hours with us in visiting our outlying farms, dairies and campus buildings, showing a keen interest in everything he saw, and assuring us of his high opinion and interest in our endeavors. He appreciated the value of training lads for the important vocation of farming, and made that the subject of his address that day. Later in the afternoon, we motored him across country

(Continued on page 10)

The Campus



Segal Hall
and the Beginning
of
Ginhgo Lane

Looking Along the
Promenade from
Ullman to Lasher
Hill in Summer



A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM H. TAFT

(Continued from page 8)

to Langhorne—there were very few good roads in those days—where an express train stopped on special orders from New York, so that he might reach New Haven that evening to keep another important speaking engagement there. Those of us who were fortunate to be in this great man's company almost all day, were not only highly privileged and honored, but also most pleasantly entertained by his engaging personality and cheerfulness. He made us feel as though we had known him for years, and I have no doubt but what these amiable qualities, in combination with his finely judicial mind, had much to do with his wonderful success as Statesman, Scholar and Judge.

I have, therefore, asked the Dean to call an assembly this afternoon, so that we, with millions of our countrymen, may pay honor and tribute to this great American—who will live long in the memory of present future generations as a brilliant and lovable official, one whose glowing human qualities will endear him to all.

Perhaps history may record his judicial work on the Supreme Bench as his most valuable contribution to our national progress, nevertheless, his entire life constitutes an inspiration to our American youth, who hold worthwhile aspirations.

Therefore, in conclusion, I advise every student of our school to read and study the life of this eminent self-made man, who rose from the position of a cub reporter at \$6.00 per week, to eventually fulfill the two highest offices within the gift of the people of our country.

HERBERT D. ALLMAN.

THE LATEST SONG SUCCESSES

The only rings I ever gave her, were the rings beneath her eyes.

SOUND

Did you ever stop to think what a sound it? The dictionary gives the following meaning! Sound is noise of any specific quality; any tone, voice or note. But according to science the meaning of sound is, the rate of vibrations of the molecules in any object, these vibrations forming air waves which strikes the ear drum, forcing the bands in the ear to vibrate the same number of times per second as the object that is producing the vibration. The human ear can receive vibrations as low as 16 per second and as high as 32,000 vibrations per second. If the vibrations of any object is lower than 16 per second and higher than 32,000 per second, the human ear will not receive them and we will not hear the sound. That is the reason, for instance, why we do not hear the footsteps of the ant or the breathing of the leaves.

A sound produced at 16 vibrations per second will result in a low buzz, like that of the bee, and sound produced at 32,000 vibrations per second, will be a shrill whistle. Therefore, if you whistle the musical scale from the lowest note to the highest note, the highest note will be a thin shrill sound.

Two objects of exactly the same material and same form will vibrate together if the proper amount of air waves per second are present. If one of these objects is vibrated and the other object near it, will also vibrate with the same amount of intensity per second as the first. Therefore, if a metal bar was found that had the same number of vibrations per second as the Woolworth Building, was placed near the Woolworth Building, and tapped so as to make it vibrate, the latter would respond to the air waves and would soon topple over.

However, because of reasons easily discernible, there is no danger.

SIDNEY APPLEBAUM.

Detective Stories

Everybody is reading mystery stories nowadays, from President Hoover down the intellectual scale to the meanest congressman and from the King at Windsor to his low browed bushmen in the Australian forests. Everybody is writing them, too, with a similar wide range between success and failure.

The following is a list of thrillers good and bad which may be found in our library.

The Green Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. A psychopathic thriller.

Debonair gentleman detective, educational footnotes and all that.

The Dancing Beggars, by Eric Bret Young. Who or what the *Dancing Beggars* is or are is just as much of a mystery as what or who did the murder.

Through the Fog, by H. H. Bashford. An ex-officer with a game leg, the honk-honk of a car in an impenetrable fog. Turkish cigarettes, a mystery-girl Norwegian Isle, . . . Oooooooooo! ! ! !

Tales, by Edgar Allan Poe, the too-neglected man who invented detective

fiction, and has yet to be bettered on his own ground. Weird as Hatz.

The Circular Staircase, *The Bat*, and others by Mary Roberts-Rinehart. Too many women in them; plenty of murder but no blood; tame stuff.

Sherlock Holmes, lots of him, by Sir A. Conan Doyle. His hawk nose has not yet lost its keenness on the scent, but those readers aren't so keen, who pass him by because he doesn't wear Arrow collars and speak with an Oxford accent.

The Bellamy Trial, by Frances Noyes Hart. If you haven't seen the movie, the book won't bore you by any means.

The Shadow from the Bogue, by Clement Wood. Dark Stuff among the low-life.

Penrod Jashber, by Booth Tarkington. Tom Sawyer was a "detecatif," so Penrod had to be one, of course. Funny.



The Tragedy of a Ten Conditioner

To be exempt, or not to be exempt, that's the thing!

Whether 'tis worse to suffer another condition, and add more

To my glories,

Or to miss a good show, and study diligently,

To flunk, to pass.

To use a pony, or not to use a pony, there's the rub.

No more make-ups for me, and by the sweet blessings of pony-hood;

To think we end the heartache and God knows how many natural shocks,

That I'm heir to, in Mr. Schmeider's Chemistry.

To gyp and get away with it, ah! there's the dream,

For in that pre-examination slumber, what marks may have come?

When I have rid me of these hellish subjects, what pleasures

More could one desire,

Who could bear the stress of 12 make-ups, Of Mr. McKown's estranged love, and the Dean's contumely.

Help, Angels, Cram my brain,

Bow, stubborn head!

Thou mayest yet win!

M. DOGON.

AGRICULTURE

Pedigree or Production?

AT A RECENT sale of dairy cattle in New York state, the top price was brought by an excellent grade cow, which sold for \$350. This cow had a Cow Testing Association record of over 20,000 pounds of milk, and was of excellent conformation. A pure bred cow of the same breed, a mediocre producer at best, went begging at \$290. This was a public sale, and the buyers were commercial dairymen, who aimed at filling the milk pail, rather than framing the pedigree. This is an everyday occurrence, and merely signifies that a cow need not be born "in the purple" to be an efficient and economical producer, and that the tendency is to buy on the faith of production records.

The next few years will bring to a fighting finish the struggle for existence between the pampered and petted test cow of the gentleman farmer, and the homely, but profitable, stock of the working dairyman. Entirely too much damage has been done to the pure bred stock reputation, that of the Guernsey, in particular, by rearing cattle that must have expensive and varied feed and management to give only a nominal yield of milk.

A prominent Guernsey breeder and dairyman states, "The pure bred Guernsey is engaged in a neck-to-neck struggle with her grade sisters for existence in the farmer's herds. Let us eliminate "Pure bred scrubs" by rigid culling and sensible testing, so that registration papers

need not be a laughing matter, but a mark of distinction."

The Guernsey breed is not the only one suffering from "pedigree-itis", but it is the chief victim, for the following reason: a great majority of the country estates and "model dairies" of city men of means are stocked with Guernseys, and are at a loss year after year. This loss means nothing to the owner, who is willing to spend good money for fancy feeds, wasteful and unnecessary labor, and uncalled-for treatment of cattle. Many of these gentlemen spend thousands of dollars every year just to see a few purple ribbons on the wall, while the animals who won them are not even paying their keep.

"It is not our place to criticise these men, as they usually have a deep interest in their stock, and take real pleasure in owning them. The trouble lies in the fact that practically all of these men enter their cows for Advanced Registry testing, and give them feed and management that is not nearly repaid by the milk produced. Put those same cows in any of the thousands of working herds, and they are shown up in their true colors.

"The Guernsey cow is a beautiful creature, and possesses singular merits that have endeared her to the minds of thousands, so let us speak a word in her defense and ask that she be given a fair trial with other breeds, on a strictly commercial basis."

SIDNEY STONE.

Department Doings

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

G. A. is to plant in 1930, 170 acres of wheat, 160 acres of corn and 150 acres of hay; 25 acres of barley, 35 of oats and 14 of soybeans. Besides these 20 acres of potatoes will be planted in the school's own seed. An effort is to be made to establish a botanical garden of the different cereals, for special study and exhibition.

HORTICULTURE

The work entails spraying, fertilizing trees and starting out vegetables in hot beds. The planting schedule for the coming year: Sweet corn, 12 acres; tomatoes, 6 acres; cabbage, $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres; lima beans, 2 acres. The rhubarb patch has been extended and the asparagus plantation is bigger than ever. The newly acquired Homer Farm will provide more land for vegetables. A trellis for the new vineyard will be put up with the approach of warm weather. Planting of 200 Golden Jubilee peach trees, a new promising variety, and 20 delicious fruit trees will also be made.

LANDSCAPE

Landscapers have started early this year as there is much to be done in care of lawns and buildings, grading and planting out nursery stock. 500 Rose of Sharon cuttings have been taken; sashes fixed and beds tidied.

POULTRY

Improvements galore are forecast. Buildings to be remodelled, an automatic water system to be installed, etc. Three hatches from the incubator yielded 55%, 78% and 74.5% respectively. Two of these were sold, and the third is now housed in brooders. The 1700 laying birds are in healthy condition and are laying fairly well.

APIARY

Bees overwintered well. The Apiary is to serve the Horticulture Department by placing 5 hives at No. 7 orchard and 5 at No. 3 orchard. Mr. Purmell hopes to obtain better results in pollinization and Mr. Schmieder in honey production. Several colonies are to be united.

GREENHOUSE

Sweet peas, snaps and cinerarias are coming in plentifully. Delphiniums, Cyclamens, and stocks, which are new plants for us, are to be grown. Easter lillies are being brought along for the coming season. Flowers for the campus beds were started. For the first time, the greenhouse is to grow potted cabbage and tomato plants for sale.

DAIRY

Maternity barn is filled to capacity. Average daily milk production reaches 740 quarts. Stock at the dairy consists of 52 milking cows, 4 bulls, 25 head young calves and 12 heifers.

No. 1 farm holds 12 cows, 1 bull and contributes daily 115 quarts.

The Problem of the Abandoned Farm

ANYONE taking a trip through New York state, or the New England states, is struck by the number of abandoned farms, whose unkempt grounds and rotting buildings could tell many a strange story. The general impression used to be that an abandoned farm was a relic of the past, when farmers loved their land, and took pride in their fair acres. Surely, when a farm was abandoned, it must have been due to the laziness of the farmer, or the unwillingness of his children to carry on his work.

There is another side to this story, however. Many of these old farmsteads could speak of years of heart-breaking toil upon land that was meant for forest and pasture, not for corn and wheat. Others would tell of thin and sterile soil that could never repay the labor, fertilizer, and improvements foisted upon it. Some would mutter that man cannot systematically rob the soil year after year, without repaying the gifts of a generous nature. Hillsides that were covered for centuries with gently waving grass, were suddenly subjected to ignorant and persistent tillage that stole the humus of centuries in a few short years and then the eroding and sour soils were abandoned as "worn out." Surely they were worn out! Where is the soil that can be robbed of its humus, its calcium content, and its stored up fertility, year after year, with no return? Fields that once grew clover "waist high," reared enormous crops of oats and corn, now are covered with a thin layer of quack grass, sorrel, and dock!

Man is coming to realize that the price of prosperity is high. Abandoned farms can be, and are being built up by use of manures, fertilizers, and legumes. Lime is being poured into soils that once grew clover without even the trouble of careful seeding. Rotations are being used, efficient systems of farm management installed, all to appease the wrath of Mother Nature who enriched her fields, only to be robbed by unthinking men. Many farms that could never offer more than a starvation wage, under the most careful management, are being planted to forest trees, their only suitable crop. As we come to realize more and more how helpful a kind Nature can be, so are we learning to co-operate with the land and its allies, not to fight against it and wrest from it crop after crop, repaying none of the humus, fertilizing elements, or mineral content.

SIDNEY STONE.

Experiment to Counteract Contagious Abortion

AN EXPERIMENT of great importance as well as interest is being carried out with the positive herd test to abortion at No. 1 farm by Dr. Massinger, the School's veterinarian, and Dr. Turner of the State Bureau of Animal Industry at Harrisburg. The aim of the experiment

is to find out whether the Bovine Infectious Abortion disease is curable or preventable in some degree when the cows are treated with a certain neutral acraflavine solution.

The test is to be conducted as follows: approximately 40 cc. of the solution will

(Continued on page 35)

CAMPUS NEWS

Calendar

Feb. 1930

Mr. Toor is being welcomed back to the school as instructor in charge of the Poultry Department.

In 1923 Mr. Toor left Farm School to go into business for himself, his place being taken by Mr. Plain, of Rutgers University.

A Farm School Graduate of the '16 class, Mr. Toor took a post-graduate course and in 1917 Doctor Ostrolink (then Director of the School) placed him in charge of the poultry department. During his former stay here, Mr. Toor also supervised the athletic activities and coach of our several teams.

THE VARSITY CLUB INITIATION

"Whoa, Ooky! Hey! the British are coming. Open up, get out and join the army. Giddap Ooky! the British are coming, two by land and sixteen by airplane." This famous heart-stirring speech was re-uttered on February 4, 1930 by the famous Bud "Edel" Edelman, candidate for initiation to the Varsity Club. He was astride Farm School's fastest pacing horse, known to the students as "Ooky", weight 1400 pounds.

In the dining hall we meet Head-waiter Bauman. He made a few announcements as follows: "Hear ye! Hear ye! Ye Freshman class will hold ye basketball practice tonite. Heed ye! Heed ye! and proceed with thy meal." Bauman was also a candidate for initiation.

Goldfarb and Compton acted in the rôle of ushers to the diners. They dusted chairs, found missing silverware, found vacant places for the students and seated them comfortably. No tips were accepted.

"Shine, Mister? Shine, Mister?" Who let Harry Caplan in with his boot-blacking apparatus? Another applicant.

"Dearest Sweetheart, I love you, I love you I love you. Your bright eyes are shining lights to me. I can't live without you. Please be mine. You are the ink in my pen and the salt in my stew. Let us hie away hither and thither, just you and I. Oh, Mary dear, I love you." Good work Brodsky. Keep it up, never say die.

"And Nicholson, you had better get rid of that wagon of yours. What happened to all the "canned vegetables" you had? Oh, you sweet little thing."

News has leaked out that Liskowitz was seen serenading the office force with his "piccolo". This will never do.

THE GLEANER staff wishes to let William Shipman know that he has a wonderful voice for singing. Some cultivation is necessary. (Yeah! and plenty of it, too).

Feb. 10, 1930

The Campus witnessed the moving of the school's office into the attractive quarters of the new Administration and Mechanics Building. The main post office has been shifted over. There is the possibility of the office staff becoming spoiled on account of the comforts they are provided with.

THE BAND

The band's newly formed musical organization held its first annual banquet in Lasker Hall. The speakers of the evening were Messrs. Goodling and Samuels, Honorary President and Business Manager of the organization re-

spectively. Lieut. Jos. B. Frankel, was unable to attend. Mr. Samuels as toastmaster of the evening, supplied plenty of humor in that capacity.

Feb. 24

STUDENT BODY ELECTIONS

The past election of student body officers was one of the most interesting ever witnessed at Farm School. It is sure to be a source of many vivid memories in the future. Marcus Goldman, who was brought into the running in the last day, won by a large majority. At the same time Jack Goodman came through as Vice-President. Kal Liskowitz became president of the A. A. Board with Jesse Elson '32 as vice-president and Jack Kamison Secretary and Treasurer. All agree that the above are as capable a group as could have been chosen, and a successful year is therefore looked forward to.

SENIOR PROM

Much credit for the success of the Senior Prom is due the new Student Council officers. All who attended the affair declared that it was the best dance of the season. The gym was beautifully and artistically decorated in green and gold, and gold and black, being the predominating color schemes. The latter is the '30 combination.

During the intermission, a few acts were given, local talent being used.

March 11, '30

The Student Body solemnly assembled in Segal Hall to pay its last tribute to one of the nation's great men, former president, and Ex-Chief Justice, W. H. Taft.

President Allman, who conducted the ceremony, emphasized the fact that our school lost, with his departure, a devoted admirer and friend.

A prayer by Mr. McKown, an instrumental number, and a group hymnal rounded out an impressive meeting.

JUNIOR ELECTION

Officers for the present Junior class were elected on March 11, 1930. They are as follows: President, Jess Elson; Vice-President, Bob Goldstein; Secretary, Rosefeldt; and Treasurer, Joe Nicholson. Leo Lebove and Sidney Applebaum were elected to the Student Senate. Louis Shiffman, William Supplee, Nathan Newman, and Harry Koch were elected to the Student Council.

The executives of the class have been well-chosen and a bright future is in view.

THE DEAN ANNOUNCES:

Our Easter vacation will start April the 12th and end April 20th.

The office is making a thorough study of the conditions of the Poultry Department plant with the view to improvement's reconstruction and installation of new and up-to-date equipment.

Our new faculty member is Mr. McQuigg, another mechanics instructor who will teach forging, wood-work and like subjects. The necessary equipment for the shop is being installed at present.

With the spring term, classes will for the first time, be held in the classrooms of the new building.

Mr. Stern, our Alumnus, donated to Mr. Groman's department some valuable tools, including press drill and lathe.

A Farmer's Field Day will be held at the school sometime in June for the purpose of studying the results of the fertilizer experiment on our Lansdale soils at the Allman Experimental plot. Farmers of surrounding vicinity will be present.

A private telephone exchange apparatus connecting all departments and outlying farms with the main office has been installed.

An extensive program of improvement and beautification of the campus will be carried out this coming year. This program will most probably include the developing of a park of the woods in back of the new mechanics building.

According to Mr. Goodling the general outlook for the year is indeed very encouraging.

March 23.

The graduation exercises were held in the tastefully decorated tractor room of the New Mechanics Building. Relatives and friends of the school and the '30 class filled the room to overflowing.

The program included addresses by President Allman, Mr. Harry B. Hirsch, Dean Goodling and Rabbi Fineschreiber. The last characteristically eloquent, emphasized the nobility of agriculture as a

calling and expressed a wish that every college student in the country would be compelled to pursue a similar course for three years before receiving a diploma. To the Jewish students, he pointed out the opportunity before them of proving to the world that the judgment of cross materialists hurled at their race is unjust; and he urged them to continue the tilling of the soil, as had their forefathers for many generations.

Departmental and individual prizes were awarded following the delivery of the diplomas. Edward Seipp, Frank Moskowitz and Milton Werrin were the valedictorian, salutatorian, and Hoe Orator respectively.

NOTICE—REPORTERS WANTED

Here's your chance. We want those humorous stories and spontaneous jokes which happen among your classmates on field or in class. To the reporter who hands in the greatest number of these, a special prize will be given.

Junior and Freshman applicants are asked to see the Editor-in-Chief.

Class and Clubs

HORTICULTURE SOCIETY

OFFICERS

Benjamin Zeider—*President*
Harry Plotkin—*Vice-President*
Sidney Goldberg—*Secretary*
Charles Boslefsky—*Treasurer*

Purpose: To foster and promote the knowledge and interest of the students in fruit growing, landscape gardening, vegetable gardening, and floriculture.

Activities. 1. Talks by extension workers, instructors, practical growers and horticulture seniors; also 2. Educational pictures; 3. Trips to modern horticulture commercial enterprises; 4. Experimental work; 5. Horticulture Exhibits.

A very fine and instructive talk was given by Mr. Atkinson from Newtown who is one of the outstanding and progressive orchardists in Bucks County.

The Farewell Banquet to graduating Society Seniors was held on Feb. 13. Mr. Reiner from J. A. S. was the main speaker of the evening; the other speakers were the faculty and student members of the society. Kogan proved to be a very successful toastmaster. Election of officers followed.

Mr. Kirby, Plant Pathologist of State College, addressed the society on March 14.

Future: Several experiments on fertilizing and spraying in orchard and garden. Arrangements for the first trip.

POULTRY CLUB

OFFICERS

Liskewitz—*President*
 Miller—*Vice-President*
 Dogon—*Secretary*
 Ray—*Treasurer*



Purpose: Educational club, to stimulate interest of poultry among members.

Activities: Student speakers, practical demonstrations at incubator, and natural brooding of chicks.

The annual banquet was held in Segal Hall, Jan. 28, 1930. Mr. Elmer Wene from Vineland, N. J., President of New Jersey State Board of Agriculture was the main speaker of the evening.

The guest of honor Mr. Riener from the Jewish Agricultural Society was the toastmaster. The new officers were elected.

Future: Trips, visiting speakers, movies, demonstrations in caponizing, and vaccination for chicken-pox, and blood testing.

FORESTRY CLUB

OFFICERS

Jack Goodman—*President*
 Carl Cohen—*Vice-Pres.*
 Sidney Applebaum—*Sec.*
 Bob Goldstein—*Treas.*



Purpose: To beautify and protect the trees, woods and grounds of the National Farm School, and to further interest in Forestry.

Activities: Cleaning the woods of the school, making a permanent wood lot for the club-members, plant

1000 forest tree seedlings.

Future: Educational walks to neighboring woods, speakers, and movies on forestry.

DAIRY CLUB

OFFICERS

T. Cancelmo—*President*
 Lee. Werst—*Vice-President*
 H. Trunk—*Secretary-Treasurer*

Purpose: To promote the interest of the student in dairy husbandry and creamery management, thus giving a broader knowledge of dairying in all its phases.

Activities: Speakers are being invited and films will be shown. A judging team under the able coaching of Mr. Cook will be organized.

Future: The entry of the Judging Team in a cattle show competition, and other projects.

CLASS OF '31

OFFICERS

M. Goldman—*President*
 H. Steinberg—*Vice-President*
 B. Moysey—*Secretary*
 J. Trimble—*Treasurer*

Activities: The junior care-free year is over and with full dignity and seriousness, the senior year is to be faced. The interests of the entire student body are to be dealt with, not alone the interests of the class. Plans for

Immediate Future: Better Council, Stronger Senate, and attention to student welfare.

JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

Jesse Elson—*President*
 B. Goldstein—*Vice-President*
 Rosefeldt—*Secretary*
 Nicholson—*Treasurer*

Activities: Exams, graduation and moving have taken up time to the exclusion of everything else. Junior Prom is the big coming event and we expect to make it the best yet. Some committees have been chosen and are already at work.

THE VARSITY CLUB

OFFICERS

Grisdale '31, *President*. Goldfarb '31, *Vice-President*. Elson, '32, *Treasurer*, and Nicholson, '32, *Secretary*.

Purpose: To foster and uphold the best kind of athletic spirit at The National Farm School.

Motto: "Spectamur Agendo" meaning, "Let us be judged by our deeds."

Colors: Crimson, gold, and blue.

Its members includes those who have received letters in any sport.

Activities: An invitation of all new members was recently held after which came the annual banquet, at which Mr. Stangel presided—as toastmaster and many friends of the school were speakers. Honorary F.'s were presented to Mr. Toor '16, Mr. Mayer '18, Mr. Groman '19, Mr. Mills '20, and to Dr. Moore. Phil Kleinman was elected as basketball captain for 1930, thus making him the first captain of three major sports in the history of the school. S. GOLDFARB '31.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Members: These consist of the president and vice-president of the student body together with four members elected by the Junior class, including its president, and two members elected by the Freshman class.

Activities: The year's work was started by putting over a successful Senior Farewell Dance. Plans for the Freshman Reception Dance are now being worked on. The traditional Junior vs. Freshmen wrestling match will take place on April 11, and the boxing show on May 7. There is also to be a track meet, baseball game, football game, between the two classes during the year. Numerous other events are being planned for the future.

With the cooperation of the student body it is expected to make this year a high spot in social and athletic affairs.

J. GOODMAN, *Secretary*.

Introducing '31

Austin—Lanky.

Boslefsky—Dining Room annex.

Bing—Glen Olden Terror.

Brown—Spuds and then some.

Cohen—Just an Intellect.

Cobert—Handsome.

Compton—Mr. Groman's Prodigy.

Dogon—Stimulants, Glucose, Main upkeep of the A.A. Store.

Dornan—Weird, majestic, noble, serene.

Finkle—Entertainer extraordinary.

Frankle—It takes down!

Gayman—Palestine or Bust!!!!!!

Goldberg—Our Prof.

Goldfarb—Sophisticated.

Goldman—The Dark Horse.

Goodman—Farm School's gift to Maidenhood.

Grisdale—Slewfoot.

Hociak—Don Juan.

Cancelmo—Light Wines and Heavy Beer: His Platform.

Winkler—Salesman—supreme.

Kamison—Purveyor of Greenhouse Goots.

Zeider—The modern kick.

Kleinman, P.—Born and bred, raised and ruined in the Bronx.

Kleinman, S.—Rare form in all *its* glory.

Keiser—Baby Beef.

Levine—"Youse guys don't know nothing."

Liske—Reward for his recapture. Dope peddler—no license.

Miller—Peter Johnson.

Moysey—Tractor Bob.

Paskin—The Pitkin Ave. Flash.

Plotkin—Joe Mechanic.

Polokavich—Gettin' chances.

Ray—2'x4' and all there.

Through the kindness of Mr. Piesser, we are publishing extracts from a letter written by a prominent New England nurseryman in response to an inquiry, as to possible openings for members of the Class of 1930.

"While a good nursery is probably one of the best schools there is, boys must make up their minds that they have got to do a lot of hard work to produce enough to pay for their keep and do their theorizing and studying on the side. This is one of the hardest problems we have had to surmount before with boys out of school. In too frequent cases they have never learned how to work. What I mean by this is they have not learned to turn off work rapidly enough so that they could earn or produce anywhere as near the compensation to which they have been led, consciously or unconsciously, to expect they ought to receive. Most of them do not realize that it is almost necessary in fact, usually quite necessary that they start on the basis of a day laborer. Their chief advantage is that if they have got the right stuff in them, with their training they should go ahead very rapidly whereas the ordinary day laborer without their training is at a disadvantage.

"The keen competition in the nursery business simply outlaws the putterer from a commercial place.

"Another obstacle the boys have to meet is the vast amount of information and the ability to apply it in paying

quantities which they have to master. A lot of them become discouraged a long time before they reach the stage where they are large producers and gravitate to State or Government jobs, or private estates, where the going is easier and where the bosses are less critical, or where their product is not sold in a competitive field.

"I have three boys of my own who will be coming on to the stage in a few years and I am trying to drive this home to them every way I know how, for if they are not able to make good as producers they have a terrible handicap and one which is mighty hard to overcome.

"There is an opportunity for permanent jobs here with advancement if the men in question have the right stuff in them, but we expect every tub to sit on its own bottom, and we would expect these young men to put their shoulders to the wheel and take the rough with the smooth, the bitter with the sweet as it came just the same as the rest of us do. They would not be shown any preference in the jobs allotted to them over any of the other men here, except as they displayed ability to take on responsibility."

Teacher—"Why did you put the quotation marks at the first and last of your exam papers?"

Student—"I was quoting the fellow in front of me."

Finkle—"My hair has a wave of electricity in it when it's dry."

Dogon—"That's because it's attached to a dry cell."

Goldfarb—"Did you ever see a horse eat money?"

Ray—"No!"

Goldfarb—"I saw one with two bits in his mouth."

He—"What's the matter with Bill?"

Florist—"He married an American Beauty, but she turned out to be a Snap Dragon."

SPORTS

THE 1930 basketball quintet was composed of Kleinman and Caplan, forwards; Broadbent, center; Elson and Hartenbaum, guards. Podolin and Novin were used as first string substitutes, Novin especially being a general utility man.

N.F.S. VANQUISHES BROWN PREP

The Farm School basketball 1930 edition, made an auspicious beginning by trouncing the highly touted Brown Prep squad to the tune of 31-21.

Considering that the team had only a week's practice, the fine showing made spoke well for the games that were to follow.

Broadbent featured for N. F. S. with six field goals and four goals from the foul mark, while Cohen, the midget Brown Prep forward, managed to snare four field goals from mid-court.

TAYLOR SCHOOL TRIPPED

Whoever witnessed this game was treated to a pretty spectacle of a hard fought, rough and tumble game of basketball. Unfortunately, an unexpected interruption on the part of Taylor's coach cut the game short before the regulation time.

At the time, Farm School was leading 25-19, and so the score remained; thus giving us our second victory of the current season.

Scoring honors for our side were equally shared by Kleinman, Podolin and Broadbent, each registering six points. For Taylor School, Perry did best with nine points.

Gov. Assistant—"What size boots and shoes will you have?"

Gyp—"Gimme nine boots and ten shoes."

GREEN & GOLD GRABS OFF ANOTHER

N. J. I. D. afforded very little opposition to Coach Samuels' charges, the latter overwhelming the visitors to the tune of 41-9.

Against the impenetrable five-man defense, the Jerseyites were held quite helpless. During the first half, they were unable to score even a solitary field goal, and in the second half, they had great difficulty in caging two baskets, meanwhile our men scored practically at will. Broadbent, our flashy center, in particular sent no less than thirteen double-deckers hurtling through the basket. That's going some, regardless of the type of opposition. Keep it up! Russ. Say we all.

The fourth game with Lincoln Prep was added to our list of victories through forfeit.

N. F. S. BOWS TO P. M. C.

At last N. F. S. met its match in the strong P. M. C. five.

Previously unbeaten in its first four starts, Farm School journeyed to the Penna. Military College to show its wares. Our team expected a tough battle, and got it. For fifty-nine minutes the ball dribbled, passed or carried to and fro over the court at a fast and furious pace, only to have the scoreboard reading 28 all.

At this juncture, Caplan had a chance to win the game for N. F. S. in the minutes that remained. However, as everyone watched with bated breath his foul try just missed falling through the ring, necessitating an extra period of play. It was at this point that P. M. C. injected Layer, Groner, and Smith, three regular varsity men, who finally managed to turn the tide in their favor.

Since the game was originally scheduled against the Jr. Varsity, our team did exceptionally well, only losing by two points.

For Farm School, Caplan made the best showing. His accurate shooting accounted for eleven points. This game was just the tonic that our team needed, for continuous success is not always healthy.

TEMPLE HIGH SQUASHED

N. F. S. resumed its winning ways again by vanquishing the Temple Prep School of Philadelphia, by the top-heavy score of 47-16.

This game gave Phil Kleinman, our versatile athlete, a chance to shine. On six different occasions he dribbled down the length of the court to flip as many difficult shots into the basket.

As the score shows, the Temple passers could do very little against our famous five-man defense. Moore was the only Temple player who managed to break through our defense fairly consistently. He accounted for seven or almost half of his team's total points.

TRADITIONAL RIVALS LOSE TO N. F. S., 33-18

Williamson Trade School furnished the opposition in a tilt that was fraught with thrills and intense rivalry throughout. Exceptionally good guarding on the part

of both teams kept the score down in the first canto.

In the second half, however, Farm School forged ahead and retained the lead till the end of the game.

Kleinman starred on the offense, while Hartenbaum shone on the defense. Weber scintillated most brilliantly for the Williamsonites.

N. F. S. JR. VARSITY SHOWS ITS METTLE

In a game marked with hilarity and excitement that surpassed even the regular varsity game, Farm School's second team gave a fine exhibition in trimming Willie Teach's Jr. Varsity.

In the first half, Farm School employed the man for man defense, and at half-time, our second teamers were decidedly on the short end of the score (10-4).

Captain Edelman resorted to the varsity's five-man zone defense in the second half. This manouever turned the trick, for the "Traders" found it impossible to break through. In the meantime, our own second stringers succeeded in caging enough two-pointers to even up the score just as the final whistle blew. In the extra five minute period, Lichtenstein and Nicholson looped a basket apiece to decide the issue in favor of N. F. S.; the final score being 23-19. Palmer and Lowe divided scoring honors for Williamson with six points each.

OSTEOPATHY OUTCLASSED

The Aggies scored another victory by beating Osteopathy College Jr. varsity, 46-20. The team showed unusually fine form and their defense was well-nigh impenetrable.

Broadbent played in his customary stellar rôle by dropping seventeen points through the cords. Caplan was runner-up with ten markers, while Pool and

Christenson shared honors for the opponents by scoring six baskets between them.

DREXEL JAYVEES BOW

The Green and Gold loopers completed a highly successful season by defeating the Drexel passers 29-26 in a bitterly contested game. The outcome was always in doubt, the lead alternating from one team to the other. At half time, however, the farmers were the possessors of a slim two-point lead.

The second half was a repetition of the first. The score was tied three times, but in the last few minutes of play, Hartenbaum sank two shots from mid-field which settled the issue in Farm School's favor. Caplan and Kleinman also starred for the victors, while Sterret showed up best for Drexel with nine points to his credit.

minutes old when Shiffman and Spevak sank two baskets in rapid succession, thus bringing the score to 17-10 in the freshmen's favor. At this stage of the game, the juniors staged an irresistible rally which netted them nine markers and put them ahead two points. The freshmen, however, soon evened the count up, by virtue of Spevak's pretty follow-up shot after Rosenberg missed a foul try. With only two minutes to go for the end of the game, Smith tossed a pretty basket for the juniors, but Nicholson followed soon after with a point from the charity mark. Then ensued some spirited tussling on the part of both teams for the winning points in the short interval that remained. With exactly twenty second to go, "Nig" Rosenberg arched a long shot from the middle of the floor that dropped cleanly through the cords to win the game for the freshman in true "Frank Merriwell" fashion, by the score of 22-21.

FRESHMAN VICTORS OVER JRS.



The annual freshman-junior embroglio, which took place Sunday, March 9, 1930, supplied a fitting climax to the gorgue dance on the evening previous. Additional color was added to the game by the presence of many members of the gentler sex.

The game itself was as exciting and thrilling a game as could be seen anywhere. Spectacular shots and sound basketball featured throughout. Both teams played animatedly while their fair cohorts cheered them on to greater endeavors. However, at half time, the heavily favored freshmen were hanging on to a slim three point margin.

The second half was hardly a few

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GAME

Coach Samuels looked immaculate in his white referee's outfit. By the pleased expression on his face, one could tell that he must have found plenty material for next year's team.

Henry Goldman, "The Big Promoter," kept everyone royally entertained during intermission with his freshman band.

Sid Kleinman garnered most of the points for the juniors, with a total of nine, while Shiffman grabbed the honors on his team with 8.

Coaches Rellis and Broadbent, respectively, deserved a great deal of credit for their untiring and unselfish efforts in developing good teams.

As a team, the juniors showed superiority in shooting foul goals. They made 9 out of 17 good, to their opponents 2 out of 12.

WHO'S Who on the DIAMOND

THE echoes of the last basketball campaign have scarcely died down and already the boys of N. F. S. may be seen drawing out their mitts from camphor and mothballs and tossing horsehides all over the landscape, in answer to the call of Spring and baseball.

What are our prospects for the coming season? Well, if we are to take past performances as a criterion, our chances are unusually bright.

The ravages of graduation will have cost us only three lettermen. Capt "Russ" Broadbent, flashy first sacker; "Mule" Wattman, our chunky and aggressive catcher, and "Ken" Campbell, backbone of the pitching staff.

On the other hand, Coach Samuels has six lettermen remaining around which to build a new team. Heading this list is Captain Phil Kleinman, fencebuster and ballhawk extraordinary. We expect him to break up many a game for us this year. Then we have "Cappy" Caplan back with us at Shortstop. With a year's experience already in back of him, and possessing an improved throwing arm, he should prove to be of even more value to the team this year. "Nick" Nicholson and "Grizzly" Grisdale will continue their private argument for the right to

guard the "hot" corner, while "Kal" Liskowitz, for the present anyway, will have things his own way around the "Keystone" sack. Then we have "Hal" Compton, our tall and lanky outfielder. His long arms and legs will enable him to pull in many a flyball that would escape others less gifted.

Last year's scrubs, too, will present many men ripe for varsity berths. Chief among these are "Jack" Kamison and "Phil" Spevak, who are very anxious to assume the pitching burdens. And if indications are not misleading, they should ably fulfill them. "Buddy" Edelman of football fame, will try to prove his claim to the catching vacancy left by Wattman. Go to it! Buddy, say we all. "Winky" Winkler, who narrowly missed earning his letter last year will be back fighting harder than ever to earn the coveted "F." With his combative spirit and superlative slugging powers, he should have no trouble in earning it this year. Elson and Spiller will also be on hand striving to gain glory for themselves and for their Alma Mater.

These men together with the candidates from the incoming freshman class, should form a combination hard to beat and perhaps even better than last year.

M. S.

To the Freshmen

*We welcome you, Class of '33!
May your stay at school be filled with glee.
As those before you stood the test,
May you also with honors be blest.*

*For three fruitful years that you remain
at school,
Your joys and sorrows together pool,
Details, dances, banquets and things,
With all the happiness that it brings.*

*The path which you have chosen to travel.
Will be filled with both sand and gravel.
Although the gravel may cause you to sway,
Keep on, for the sand is not far away.*

*Both faculty and students welcome you,
And will help to make your ideals come true.
Wishing your achievements doubled be,
We welcome you, Class of '33!*

ALBIE ROSEN, SI APPLEBAUM.

Campus Chatter

Join The Band And See The World.

Farm School vocabulary required of all freshman-racket; pulling leg;; bull doze, plenty; muscle boy; set ups; farmer's gold; breaks; A. A. room O-O-O-pen; wise guy; slave driver.

SENIOR DAVE CAPLAN OF THE CLASS OF "31" LEFT FOR THE JEWISH HOSPITAL ON FEB. 22, 1930, FOR AN OPERATION TO STRAIGHTEN HIS RIGHT LEG. MUCH THANKS IS DUE TO THE FARM SCHOOL BOARD WHO MADE THIS OPERATION POSSIBLE. MANY WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS OF HIS OPERATION AND THE SPEEDY RECOVERY OF DAVE IS GIVEN BY THE FACULTY AND STUDENT BODY.

A Freshman asks if the apiary is the place where they raise apes!

Wuxtri! Wuxtri! Farm School student has narrow escape from slow death. Found stuck in laundry lift at Lasker Hall after 20 minutes. Reasons as to what he was doing in lift or why lift refused to work at that moment were unobtainable by Mrs. Bergman and Mavis. Through heroic efforts of a few Juniors, student was released. Name is withheld for personal reasons.

WONDERS OF WONDERS! MRS. BERGMAN SAYS THAT THREE STUDENTS IN SUCCESSION REPORTED THAT THEIR LAUNDRY WAS RECEIVED WITHOUT A MIS-TAKE DURING THE ENTIRE YEAR.

We take pleasure in announcing the complete recovery of Samuel Wattman, Class of '30, after succumbing to a dangerous malady, diagnosed as "Tickits". Cause decided upon by eminent attending physicians was given as over-exertion. (Time: The last benefit performance given at Strand in behalf of the A. A.)

Out of 83 students, 61 voted for modification, 14 for repeal and 8 for enforcement of the 18th amendment. This is the result of the straw vote taken at one of the last assemblies. In other words, Farm School, is quite thirsty. With such, and like, prospects it seems the dries in Washington will have a hard time to defend their cause.

Doc. Massinger—"Kleinman, what is the cause of the shoulder lameness of the horse?"

Kleinman—"Well, first of all, the Freshmen driving, second—"

Doc.—"That is enough."

Iceman—"Here, hold this horse a minute will you?"

Senator—"Sir, I'm a member of Congress."

Iceman—"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."

Who Is He?

1. He stands 5 feet, 2 inches in his stocking feet.
2. He uses Lifebuoy soap.
3. He dresses his hair with no foreign substance.
4. He is a staunch believer in the amendment pertaining to Woman's Suffrage.
5. He smokes, at times, a Yenems brand cigar.
6. He hails from my home town, New York.
7. He hands out dollar bills, like the National Bank of Doylestown.
8. The subject of all his hero-worship is Rip Merook, flashy Perkasio' half-back.
9. I think he is a devotee of Bridge.
10. He is a member of the Men's Association for the prevention of cruelty to Bucks County wildcats.
11. He is my conception of the well-dressed man.
 - a. Some of his creations.
Brown suit, blue shirt, white socks, red tie, checkered suit, brown shoes and tie to match.
12. He has all his suits made to order, by Doylestown's gift to the art of tailoring.
13. Of course, he wears a slouch hat.
14. He has a heart of gold, but a temper like T.N.T.
15. His godliness at chapel, exceeds that of everyone. His clear amens can be heard above every one in the congregation.
16. He is a staunch believer in clean living. His favorite liquors are aqua and buttermilk.
17. He can pitch, toss a lareat, and fling the shot like a professional.
18. He yells in a high-pitched tone.
19. He's everybody's pal and buddy.
20. He signs his monicker with a banker's flourish.
21. He is the big attraction at all athletic events.
22. He is the angel's blessing to a detail skipper, but he don't know it.
23. His favorite sayings are:

All right boys, break it up. (Very special occasions.)

Listen, you've been getting away with too much lately.

Have your attention for a minute boys.

You will smoke Luckies?

Hey you Mexicans!
24. He doesn't believe in vacations.
25. If you can't guess now, you never will.

M. DOGON.

Now You Know

The Gleaner has a brand new staff, you know 'em all, but please don't laugh.

We hear the same old squawk and squeal, broadcast about with zest and zeal.

"The old staff's gone, and what'll we do when things are run by this greenhorn crew?"

But that's a very old story, you know, so don't get excited till you see what we show.

We don't intend to be your clowns, to wel-

come your smiles and quake at your frowns,

But we want your support and contributions, as know ks are hard on our constitutions.

Getting material out of you Daniels, is like getting a week-end out of Samuels. So please come across and hand in some stuff, whether it's brilliant, ragged or rough.

As things are sure to work much better, if all of us guys will work together.

ANONYMOUS

ALUMNI

Personals

Sol. Ekstein, '29, paid us a nocturnal visit, and announced that he had once again turned urbanite, but is still affiliated with agriculture in the capacity of beef grader for Swift & Co., in Manhattan.

A. W. Hoguet, Jr., '29, recently dropped in at the termination of the mid-terms at State College. He passed his exams meritoriously and he tells us that he has transferred from the dairy husbandry to the agricultural economics course.

Mr. Cecil To'r, '16, has once again returned to his Alma Mater, not on account of nostalgia, but to serve in the rôle of poultry instructor on the resignation of Mr. Plain. Our welcome is most hearty.

Leon Weshner, '29, and Joe Lynch, '28, are now connected with Scott-Powell Dairies of Philadelphia in the Bacteriological laboratories.

Clifton Doremus, '26, announces his engagement to Miss Mary MacIntyre—both are from Hillside, N. J. Best wishes and sincere congratulations.

"Dan" G'azer, '29, is in full charge of the poultry department of the Vineland, N. J. Training School, and reports progress.

The triumvirate of Jung, Haines and Essrig, all of '29, appear well established and satisfied in their respective positions at the Norristown State Hospital farm.

Phil Pollachek, '29, is working on a one hundred acre farm at Chapel, Pa.

"Phil" Weber, '29, is employed by a landscape and floral concern in New York and from reports this Byronic bird is prospering.

Jules Beck, '29, is farming at Red Bank, New Jersey.

John Asch, '26, tells us, in a long letter from far off Palestine, of the culture of

citrus fruits. He is well pleased in this environment. Johnny works one half day and the remainder of the time pursues the study of citrus fruits at the Alliance School of Agriculture.

Rubin, '25, may be found at Massachusetts Agricultural College, taking a course in pomology.

Soskin, '29, is working at Geneva, Ohio, on a general fruit farm.

Morris Miller, '29, has tired of the city and intends to locate very shortly on another fruit farm.

Harry Dubrow, '29, has returned to his home in the Bronx, after sustaining a slight injury while at work on a duck farm. Best wishes for a speedy recovery, Harry.

CHICAGO CHAPTER NEWS

The boys are getting together and they are all positive that their share of the funds for the Alumni Hall will more than fill their quota. Leave it to the Chicago Chapter.

Two special meetings were called and much interest displayed and shown by the spirit and cooperation of the entire gathering. The chapter will hold their regular meeting on March 19th at the Sherman Hotel. All Alumni are more than welcome to attend and the chapter assures these visitors that they will be "well taken care of."

PITTSBURGH CHAPTER

As usual, the "small but mighty gathering" of the Pittsburgh Chapter met and was presided over by S. Brunwasser. Their topic was also "The Alumni Hall." A spirited meeting, which was followed by a short period of reminiscences, was enjoyed by all.

EXCHANGE



THE most glaring fault of school periodicals is our imitation of the worse vices of journalism. When we are not original, which is almost always, we are reminiscent of the silliest features of the daily press. This is the fault of contributors whose model of excellence is the tabloid sheet. Naturally, having aimed so low, the result is not very commendable; as things go now, a school magazine may be defined as a periodical whose sole purpose in existing is to get enough advertisements to pay for its continued existence. Like the man who worked in order to eat in order to live in order to work. No sense in it.

Of course the ideal scope of a school paper is to supply a field in which to exercise imagination and creative talent. What's the sense of studying good English writing if our goal is William Randolph Hearst? If we must imitate, let's imitate not the most depraved examples, but the best.

Purple Patches—Harcum School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.—We secured this magazine outside the marts of legitimate exchange; it's a swipe, not a swap. It issues from a

private girls' school, and is so freshly feminine, light, precious and literary in a girlish sort of way that we couldn't resist noticing it here. It has no exchange department, an omission deserving rebuke, for why so excellent a magazine, should so shyly withdraw from the admiration of its sisters, Harkum only knows. We shall endeavor to establish an exchange.

The Oriole—Baltimore City College.—In make-up and style, *The Oriole* is reminiscent of a newsstand magazine. The Valentine Number had an amusing parody of S. S. Van Dine's detective stories, excellent cartoons, and plenty of humor; but what we like best in it was the modest recital of Billy Jacobs, '30, tennis champion and a good writer to boot. More from Billy Jacobs.

The Lincoln Log—Lincoln High School, Cleveland.—School news in imitation of the headlines and write-ups in the daily papers. Good stuff for what was intended but the intention wasn't very good in the first place.

The Dolphin—Far Rockaway H. S. N. Y.—Nicely balanced. Well edited. Good art work.

The Right Angle—Rochester Technical High School.—The February issue had an attractive cover; but the innards were very meager; too much news, and therefore very little in it for strangers.

The Mast—Jules E. Mastbaum Vocational School, Philadelphia.—As one industrial school magazine to another, welcome!

The Scarlet and Gray—Friends' School, Baltimore, Md.—“The Chemistry of a Kiss” in your New Year’s issue was a very ingenious analysis, though rather synthetic.

Only a small percentage of the girls of this country are working girls—the rest are working men.

“This is a ticklish position,” thought the co-ed, as the bearded stranger kissed her.

Then there’s the Scotchman who sued the Athletics for damages during the World Series, because he fell out of a tree.

A Junior is one who waits for a freshman to come along to push the revolving door.

GLORIFIED

*The Lordly Cock wakes at peep of dawn,
Finds himself not forlorn as man may;
But struts with majestic tread
With grandeur sets his magnificent head,
Calling Welcome to inimitable day.*

*Greets the rising sun with much ado,
Blesses the feast before him too,
Passes the day in earthly bliss,
Crows with nary a miss, to fulfill his destiny
Which to him is leadership of tribe
Which from him none can buy or bribe.*

*Defiant of all life’s enmity,
He strikes to the core, all who perceive, as
one bold and free.*

SIDNEY GOLDBERG.



NEMESIS

(Continued from page 6)

and let it fall down again with a bang! Everybody jumped. He smiled again sickly like and looked worried for the rest of the morning. Almost everybody noticed he looked worried. But I was the only one who knew why. Because in big letters right on top of all his books and papers, he had read, pop-eyed!

"Did you ever read 'The 20,000 Dollar Bequest and other stories', by Mark Twain?"

That night he got another post card just like the first. The next day he was greener than stale cheese and a social flop all around. I never saw anybody sicker than that fellow, but he sure was brassy, because the morning after that he came to school as cheeky as ever. He made my blood boil the way he strutted around like cock-of the walk. So I did for him.

I asked Miss Bidley, "Miss Bidley, will you do us a favor? It's just a little joke". Miss Bidley is a good sport, you know, and she said all right. She couldn't have done it better if she had been onto the whole game. When Burdock entered the homeroom next morning, Miss Bidley called him up to her desk and asked him, just glancing at me a second with a smile, "Harry, did you ever read, 'The 20,000 Dollar Bequest and other stories', by Mark Twain?"

Whew!! You should have seen him turn white all over! He sort of gurgled in his throat and looked frumpy, like a cornered rat all in a sweat. Then he ran out of the room and the school and never showed his face around there again.

He's going to a private Prep. School up-state, now. His old man's rich, but money won't help a guy like that much.

That's the story I heard before the train came puffing in through the snow.

M. G.

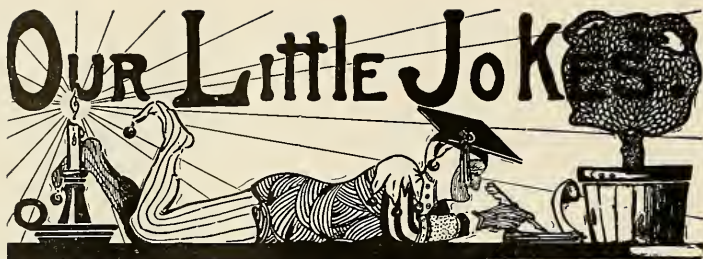
INCIDENT

SYLVESTER, just out of college, approaching the employment office window, hesitatingly and with appeal and anxiety written over his countenance, requested an audience with the chief.

The clerk graciously condescended to conduct him thither, without further ado, recognizing the manly calibre of the applicant. His spirit elevated, he advanced briskly into the comfy sanctuary of his excellency and with as much calm as he could master seated himself without a slip in accordance with the rules of his ponderous etiquette. Before Sylvester could speak, Mr. B. (short for Brown, Bunk, Buffet), slowly but emphatically informed our beloved, that "at present there were no openings, but should anything arise he would gladly let him know. Sylvester tried to interrupt "I" . . . but on came the gab, "Also, you strike me as *the* man for our firm," No, please don't object, my good-fellow, as my study of human psychology fits me to judge all applicants. Of course, you could adjust yourself should you at first find difficulties confronting you. Our employees are all given a scientific course by the name of 'Happiness in Labor', and if you care to indulge at any time, you are at liberty to do so. We provide the noon-hour meal gratis to employees and you can observe at any time, their beaming countenances as they have one great time over their repast. Oh, and as for wages we can fix that at \$200 per, and vacations whenever desired."

On and on he would have raved and prattled had not Sylvester, mustering enough bravado, blurted, "Employment nothing, Sir, I'm engaged in disposing of copies of "Scientific Treatise on a Flea Bath", and he passed out all wet.

S. G.



"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

Trimble—"I understand Schwartz is a slow payer."

Liskowitz—"Oh! There's nothing slow about him. He never pays at all."



Schmeryl—"Say, what do you think of the future price of corn meal on the market?"

Beryl—"Fine! Don't we get it at breakfast every morning?"



If a party without women is called a stag party, is a nation without women called stagnation?

Lives of Seniors all remind us

That they strive to do their best,

And departing leave behind them

Notebooks that will help the rest.



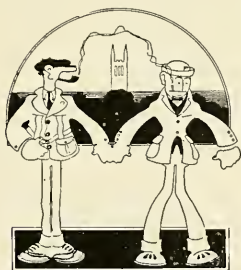
Did you ever feel a feeling, previous to the feeling you felt before feeling your present feeling?

"Say Pa, what kind of a board of education did they have in your day?"

"A shingle, my son, a shingle."

SOME FRESHMEN HAVE AN IDEA THAT—

If you cross a mule with a cow, you will
get milk with a kick in it.
If you cut the noses off herring, you will
keep them from smelling.
If you graft a pine tree with an apple tree,
you will get pineapples.
That the white cows give the milk and the
brown ones give coffee.
That Rex Beach is a summer resort.
That water should taste colorless.
That the "Charge of the Light Brigade,"
was written in Gas Meter.
That there should be two vacations a
year; six months each.
That Pink and Black would be good
colors for their class pennant.



Jenks—"Si, they tell me you bought
the City Hall when you were up in
New York."

Si—"Yeh, and I had to pay two dollars
extra for the pigeons!"

S. O. S (Sternly)—"I understand some
poor unfortunate Freshman was taken
out last night, what part did you have in
this affair?"

Junior—"The left leg, sir."



ANSWERED

"How is it that a black cow, which
eats green grass, gives white milk?"

"Because the tin in the bucket makes
the milk pale."



It has been proved that short skirts
are good things for getting up stares.

We will now sing—He asked for bread
and the curtain came down with a roll.

Salesman Sam

The super-salesman walked up to the farmer in the field and said, "Well Si, how did your potatoes turn out this year?"

"Well, by cracky," returned Si without even a flicker of his eyebrows, "they didn't turn out, I had to dig 'em out."

"What!" asked our hero in surprise, "do you mean to stand there and tell me that in this great age of agricultural education, you still resort to the practice of harvesting potatoes from the soil by manual labor? My man, your education is sadly neglected. Let me see, now can you answer the following questions that every progressive farmer should know? Do you know why a pig doesn't whistle? How many cords of wood can you cut in 6 hours if the saw has three teeth missing? If a chicken and a half weighs a pound and a half, how many pounds does a dozen chickens weigh? The market price of asparagus in the Netherlands when fertilizer must be applied at a rate of two tons per acre? Why is it dark at night and bright during the day? Is water wet, and how?"

"Mr. Si Hicks, you actually admit that you cannot answer even one of these simple questions that every 97-year-old school child is required to know?"

"Yes sir, you should thank your stars that you met me, for I am going to show you something that will make you a great man; you might even become county tax collector, and then you can live the life of a King. Wim, Wigor and Vitality is my motto."

"Here you see ten little booklets—Where are you going Mr. Hicks?"

"No, no, another two minutes and I will be through. Here you see ten little booklets representing a correspondence course in the whys and wherefores of agriculture. The cost of this course is \$15. \$5 down and \$1 whenever you are ready. As soon as the down payment is made, the first lesson will be handed over to you with full rights and privileges pertaining thereto."

"One advantage of this course, Mr. Hicks, is that after you finish the course, the pages can be used to an advantage, as each sheet is of regulation government size, 5 inches by 4 inches."

"We can give you your choice of six colors for these books; potato green, cerise, moonlight, raspberry yellow, mirage and mumalega."

"At the end of the course, which should not go over a period of more than six years and thirty-five days, a diploma will be issued to you letting the world know that you are a scientific agriculturist. All diplomas are signed Dr. Andrew Gump B.S., M.A., C.O.D., B.V.D., M.D. and all points west."

"Well, good-bye Mr. Hicks, you have chosen wisely. Don't forget that it's the early bird that catches the worm."

And Si Hicks, always ready with a wise crack at the end of his tongue, flung at the retreating form of our hero; "What will I do with the worm after I catch it?"

S. APPLEBAUM.



EXPERIMENT TO COUNTERACT CONTAGIOUS ABORTION

(Continued from page 14)

be injected into the jugular veins of three positive animals, one highly suspicious animal and one negative animal. As a control, one positive and one negative cow and one negative bull will be observed. The blood from these animals will be drawn at stated intervals and sent into the State Laboratory for analysis. The results will then be compared and noted.

This experiment tackles a problem that is one of the most important in the dairy industry of the country. Its results will undoubtedly be awaited with much interest by dairymen everywhere.



Mr. Schmieder (examination time)—
“Gyp, what are all those notebooks doing
open on your desk?”

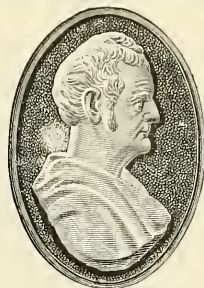
Gyp—“Oh, I just looked up a word to
see if I spelled it right”.



Brodsky—“So you're not going to
marry that school teacher?”

Sommers—“No, I couldn't show up
one night and she wanted a written excuse
from my parents.”

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1930

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